

No.7



BATMAN

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THE
WINNING
TEAM!

Black Cartridge Pistol

 \$6.00
 \$2.00

NOVELS

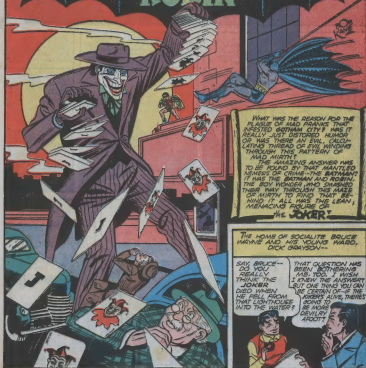
 New Larger 1942 Edition! Rush 3!

9000 NOVELTIES!
 628 PAGES, 100,000 ILLUSTRATIONS
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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE
PLAGUE OF MAD PRANKS THAT
INFESTED GOTHAM CITY? WAS IT
REALLY JUST DISTORTED HUMOR
OR WAS THERE AN EVIL, CALCULATING
THREAD OF EVIL HINDING
THROUGH THIS PATTERN OF
MAD MIRTH?

THE AMAZING ANSWER HAS
TO BE FOUND BY THAT MANTLED
KNOWER OF CRIME--THE BATMAN!
IT WAS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER WHO SMASHED
THEIR WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE
OF MIRTH TO FIND THAT BEHIND
IT ALL WAS THE LEAN,
MENACING FIGURE OF

THE **JOKER!**

THE HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE
WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD,
DICK GRAYSON--

SAY BRUCE--
DO YOU
REALLY
THINK THE
JOKER
DIED WHEN
HE FELL FROM
THAT LIGHTHOUSE
INTO THE WATER?

THAT QUESTION HAS
BEEN BOTHERING
ME, TOO. I WISH
I KNEW THE ANSWER.
BUT ONE THING YOU CAN
BE CERTAIN OF--IF THE
JOKER'S ALIVE, THERE'S
GONNA BE MORE
DEVILRY AFOOT!

A QUEER AD APPEARS
IN THE MORNING
PAPER--

WANTED
PRACTICAL JOKERS--
ONLY THOSE WITH
EXPERIENCE NEED
APPLY.
I. REKJU
IS 6200 ST.

MR REKJU'S AD BRINGS MANY APPLICANTS ----

SO YOU ARE ALL
PRACTICAL JOKERS,
ENE--WHAT
DO YOU
DO?

I GIVE PEOPLE
THE HOT-FOOT-
LIKE
THIS!

AND I CALL UP
PEOPLE DURING THE
NIGHT AND TELL
THEM THEIR HOUSE
IS ON FIRE!

I PULL
THE CHAIR
OUT FROM
UNDER PEOPLE
WHEN THEY'RE
ABOUT TO SIT
DOWN! SEE!

AND I PULL
HATS DOWN
OVER OTHER
PEOPLE'S EYES
LIKE THIS

SPLENDID--
SPLENDID!
HA-NA!

REKJU PROCEEDS TO WEED
OUT THE APPLICANTS, KEEPING
ONLY THOSE WHOSE PRANKS
ARE REALLY HARMFUL.

NOW THAT
THE OTHERS
HAVE GONE--
LINE UP AND
PASS BY THIS
TABLE--BACK
UP AN OBJECT
THERE, THAT'S
IT--PICK
IT UP!

BUT...
BUT IT'S
A GUN!!

AFTER THEY
HAVE PICKED
UP THE OBJECTS
AND LAID THEM
DOWN ON THE TABLE
AGAIN--

EACH ONE OF
THESE OBJECTS
HAS BEEN PART OF
A MAJOR CRIME!
YOUR FINGERPRINTS
ARE ON THEM!
I COULD HAND YOU
OVER TO POLICE--
THEY COULD ACCUSE
YOU OF BEING
INVOLVED IN THOSE
CRIMES!

SUDDENLY, THE MAN CALLED REKJU
PAINS AT HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS
AND REMOVES CLEVER MAKEUP
IN PLACE OF REKJU IS--

THE
JOKER!

NOW IF YOU WORK FOR
ME, YOU WILL MAKE MONEY.
REFUSE AND IT MEANS
JAIL WHICH IS
IT'S MONEY
OR JAIL & PERHAPS
DEATH!

THERE'S
NOT
MUCH
CHOICE!

GOOD! NOW I'M
GOING TO LET
YOU DO WHAT I
KNOW YOU LIKE
MOST TO DO--PLAY
JOKES ON PEOPLE
AND WHAT JOKES THEY
ARE GOING TO BE!
HA-NA!

A FEW DAYS LATER,
THERE ARE FALSE
ALARM FIRES--

THERE'S
NO FIRE
HERE!

I'D LIKE
TO GET
MY HANDS
ON THE
GUN THAT
TURNED
THAT CALL
IN!

A MAN TAKES A SHOWER ONLY TO FIND THE WATER TAPS ARE NOW SWITCHED! WHAT SHOULD BE COLD WATER IS REALLY SCALDING HOT!



A MAN CAUSES A MINOR RIOT IN A BANK BY THROWING AWAY WHAT IS APPARENTLY MONEY!



BUT A BANK TELLER EXAMINES THE GREEN PAPER AND YELLS OUT--



AND, OF COURSE, ALL THIS PLEASES THE JOKER IMMENSELY!



THE SHREWD JOKER REALIZES THESE EARLY PRANKS ACT LIKE A DRUG ON THESE SO-CALLED "HUMORISTS"...AND THAT THEY ARE NOW READY FOR MORE VICIOUS TRICKS!

AUTO BOMS ARE CHARGED ON ROADS, CAUSING TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS--



POISONS ARE PUT IN BOTTLES SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN BENEFICIAL MEDICINES!



ONE "HUMORIST" PULLS A SWITCH THAT SHUNTS A RAILROAD TRAIN ONTO THE WRONG TRACK! RESULT...INSANE LAUGHTER...AND A TRAIN WRECK!



THEN, ONE DAY A PLANE SHOOTS DOWN OVER THE CITY!



THE LEAFLET!

HA-HA! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PARABLETIC JOKES THAT YOU HAVE CALLED THE VICTIM OF LATELY. I LAUGH AT YOU AND LY. I LAUGH AT THE BLUNDER I LAUGH AT THE STUNDRY AND POLICE WHO WILL BE UNABLE TO STOP ME FROM STEALING A VALUABLE DIAMOND! I LAUGH AT THE BATMAN WHO WILL ALSO TRY TO STOP ME!

THE JOKER

PUBLIC FEELING NOW RUNS HIGH! NO-BODY LIVES TO BE LAUGHED AT-- ESPECIALLY BY A CRIMINAL!

TAKE IT EASY, GORDON! YOU'RE LIKELY TO BURST A BLOOD VESSEL!

HOW CAN I TAKE IT EASY WHILE THE JOKER LAUGHS AT THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE!

POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON?

MY NAME IS HENRY VERNET! READ THIS NOTE I RECEIVED THIS MORNING!

"TOMORROW NIGHT I WILL ENTER YOUR HOME AND STEAL THE GREAT DIAMOND YOU POSSESS! THE JOKER"

WHAT CAN I DO? THE JOKER WILL SURELY STEAL MY DIAMOND!

NO, HE WON'T! YOU STAY AT HOME! WHEN THE JOKER ENTERS YOUR HOUSE, HE'S GOING TO WALK INTO A TRAP!

YOU HOPE!

AND AT THAT MOMENT--

YOU HAVE DONE WELL! THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE ARE SO AROUSED AGAINST ME THAT OUR PLANS WILL CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!

THE NEXT NIGHT... A STRANGE TENSION GRIPS THE POLICEMEN POSTED ABOUT THE VERNET HOME--

I CAN HEAR VERNET PACKING UP AND DOWN INSIDE-- BOY, IS HE NERVOUS!

I DON'T BLAME HIM! THIS WAITING AROUND FOR THE JOKER IS GETTING ME, TOO!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, TWO MANTLED FIGURES LOPE SWIFTLY THROUGH GREY CITY STREETS! THEY ARE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--

C'MON ROBIN, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE JOKER!

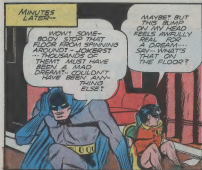
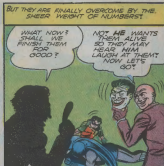
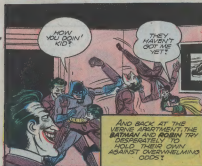
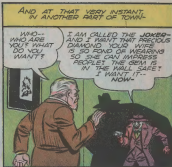
LET'S STEP IT UP!

When they arrive at the VERNET HOME--

LOOK! THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS!

AND WITH THAT, THE JOKER GRIN ON THEIR FACES! C'MON, LET'S HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!





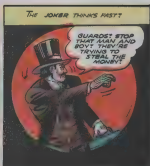
AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LOOK AT EACH OTHER BLANKLY, A BELL JANGLES RUDELY!



A TERRIBLY FAMILIAR, MOURNFUL VOICE FLOATS MOCKINGLY OVER THE WIRE—







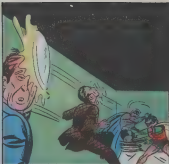
FROM THE BACKDOOR DOORWAYS WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN POSTED SURVEIL A HORDE OF THE JOKER'S MEN, ANXIOUS TO SAVE THE JOKER AND ESPECIALLY THE \$10,000!



C'MON, BOWTIE! RUSH EM!

LOOK, ROBIN! FOOD AND DISHES!

I GET YOU!



AS THE MEN REACH FOR BUNS, THE BATMAN WHIPS THE TABLE-CLOTH AWAY AND... SLAPS THEM SILLY!



NEXT TIME DON'T BE SO IMPETUOUS!

I'VE GOT THE MONEY HIDDEN-- NOW TO BEAT IT!

LOOK! THERE GOES THE JOKER!

CRAACK!



HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY IN THAT CAR!

WE'RE GOING TO BORROW THIS ONE AND GET THAT MANIAC!



A WILD CHASE TAKES THE CARS TEARING THRU THE STREETS!



BETTER STEP ON THE GAS! HE'S DRIVING AWAY FROM US!

THIS IS ALL THIS CAR CAN DO! JUST MY LUCK TO PICK A JUNK HEAP!

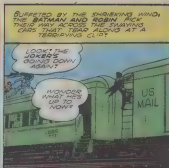
THE JOKER'S CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT!



HE'S STOPPED!

...AND RUNNING INTO THE RAILROAD STATION!





THE MAD JOKER HANDS RECKLESSLY ABOVE THE COUPLINGS BETWEEN TWO CARS---



NOW A TITANIC STRUGGLE BEGINS AROUND THE LUSKING CANYON. ONE SLIP MEANS--DEATH!



A SUDDEN, SAVAGE BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN ON HIS BACK!



COLLECTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE BATMAN BOUNCES UP LIKE A RUBBER BALL. HIS FIST CRASHES-- ON THE JOKER'S JAW!



FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT, THE JOKER TEETERS ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF. HIS HANDS CLAWING DESPERATELY AT THE EMPTY AIR--AND THEN--



I DON'T THINK HE'LL CHEAT DEATH THIS TIME! DO YOU, BATMAN?

MAYBE-- HE'S CHEATED DEATH SO OFTEN, YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST THAT GUY! AT LEAST, WE KNOW WE HAD THE LAST LAUGH ON THE JOKER!



HERE'S TOP VALUE!



IMAGINE A SINGLE
COMIC MAGAZINE
CONTAINING ALL THESE
HEADLINE FAVORITES:

SUPERMAN
BATMAN and ROBIN
RED, WHITE and BLUE
ZATARA ... DRAFTY
THE SANDMAN
JOHNNY THUNDER
—AND OTHERS!—

96 PAGES OF ACTION
AND EXCITEMENT!
DON'T MISS IT!

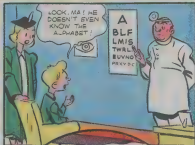
-AND HERE'S A REMINDER:

BATMAN
AND ROBIN
"THE WINNING TEAM"
SMASH THEIR WAY
THROUGH WHIRLWIND
ADVENTURES
IN
EVERY ISSUE
OF
DETECTIVE
COMICS



EVERY MONTH!

FUNNIES



LUCKY BUMP

by Eric Carter

"I'm sorry, son," the Army doctor said kindly "I'd like to pass you, but we're very strict about height. You're half an inch too short."

"But, Doc," Sam Ware's voice was anguished "I passed everything else, didn't I? You don't know what getting into the Army means to me. I want to do my bit, and after all, what's half an inch? You're sure that measuring machine is right?"

The doctor smiled. "As right as science can make it," he said. His arm patted Sam's shoulder. "There are other ways in which you can help your country, son. Get into a defense industry, for example."

Bitterness crept into Sam's voice. He should have known better than to try to get in. His very nick name Pee-wee, designated his shortness of stature. "What can I do?" he said morosely, "except drive. That's why I want to get into the Army. I'm a swell driver." His voice was pleading. "Doc, you should know my record as a taxi driver. I'm good."

"I don't doubt it, son," The doctor's tone had turned professional again. He was a busy man and there was a line of volunteers and draftees. He didn't like this business of turning down a man so anxious to fight. "I don't doubt it," he said again. "But I can't do anything about it. It's a shame, I'll admit. But orders are orders." He glanced at his nurse. "Next."

Dejectedly, Sam dressed in the next room. Outside the day was bright. But there was only darkness in Sam's heart. There was no use kidding himself any longer. He hadn't been able to kid the Doc with his high heels. They had made him take his shoes off when the examination began. There was no place in the Army, he told himself, for

a shrimp.

On the street, luncheon throngs crowded the sidewalk as Sam emerged and started for his cab, which he had parked a few doors down from the building. There was a big, black sedan wedged close against it. A gleam came into Sam's eyes. He'd move that guy away fast.

Sam pushed through the crowd, the light of battle in his eyes. These wise guys who didn't give a guy parked a break were made to order for him. His mind was busy with epithets he intended to hurl at the offending chauffeur when suddenly a scream sounded over the traffic.

Three men were emerging from the bank. They all carried guns in their hands and one of them bore a black bag. There was a rattle of gunfire as a sharp report came from the bank door. The three gunmen leaped for the sedan as a policeman, gun drawn, raced toward them. People scattered in all directions and as they did so, they made the cop a perfect target.

All this Sam saw in the twinkling of an eye. He was only a few feet from the nearest gunman. The man was leveling his revolver at the policeman. Sam leaped. The shot went wild.

Sam's teeth went into the man's wrist. He screamed with pain. The gun fell from his hand. Out of the corner of his eye, Sam saw the policeman, on one knee, shooting it out with the two gunmen. Other policemen were running up.

A thief leaped for the running board of the sedan. Sam's arms caught him around the legs. There was a blinding flash. Pain seared through Sam's head. He had been struck with a gun butt, but he didn't know it. All he knew was blackness. Miles of it and all very deep.

There was a crowd of confused, hazy people around Sam when he opened his eyes. Ammonia fumes stung his nostrils and his head ached. His eyes focusing, Sam saw that a white-coated interne was attending him. The traffic cop from the corner was looking at him anxiously. "How is he, doc? He sure got guts. I'd hate to see anything happen to him."

"Oh, he'll be okay," the interne pronounced. "He's got a beautiful bump there, but amica will bring it down to normal. I'm going to bandage it up now." He frowned at Sam. "Here, sit still."

"Nothing doing," Sam struggled to his feet. "I'm okay. Honest. Look out." He shook off the ambulance doctor's restraining hand, and heedless of the shouts that followed him, raced up the street. A moment later, breathing heavily, he was saying to a startled Army doctor, "Look, doc, put me back on the measuring machine again. I know it was wrong. Come on, measure me." He kicked off his shoes.

Startled, the doctor obeyed. Sam winced as the brass rod touched the bump. "Hm," the doctor said. "It looks like you were right. You've got half an inch to spare. I can't understand about that machine. But you're in the Army now. Report downstairs and be sworn in, soldier!"

Sam hurried out the door, his precious application in his hand. As the door closed behind him, the doctor turned to the nurse. "There's nothing in regulations about a bump," he said. "After all, it's part of the boy." A smile flitted across his face. "And he'll never know we were looking out the window and saw the whole thing!"

• THE END •

BATMAN

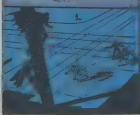
WITH
ROBIN

THE NEW MOON

ONCE AGAIN THE ACHING
BATMAN AND HIS LAUGHING
YOUNG WIDE ROBIN GO NORTH
FOR A CHANCE TOBIL AND NOW THE
BIRTH OF A MASTER COMRADE
OUT OF A STRANGE MESSLEY
OF ADVENTURE, THE BATMAN
AND ROBBY AND THE DICKS
OF AN UGLY AND THE DICKS
BACKET THAT A LIVES TWO FLY
MEN AND WOMEN WITH THEIR
USUAL DISREGARD OF DANGERS
TO THEMSELVES THE
DYNAMIC DUO FERRETS OUT
THIS EVIL CRIME-MASTER AND
BRINGS AN END TO THE
STRANGE TALE OF
• *THE TROUBLE TRAP!*



NIGHT--A MAN SLAYS ROO
HIS LIFE? HIGH ABOVE, TWO
MANTLED RIDERS WATCH--AND
ACT!



TOO LATE! A VICIOUS BLAST
OF GUNKIE...AND THE MAN
DROPS TO THE GROUND.



OKAY-
HE'S
THOUGHT!

YEAH?
WE DO
A-LOOK!



YOU
ROTTEN
KILLERS!



LEMMIE
ALONE!
GIVME
A CHANCE!

I'LL GIVE
YOU A
CHANCE!



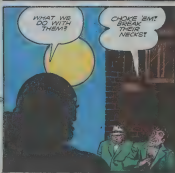
WOW!

HOLY
CATS!



WHAT WE
DO WITH
THEM?

CHOKE 'EM!
BREAK
THEIR
NECKS!



SLOWLY, INEVITABLY, THE GIANT HANDS CLOSE TIGHTLY ABOUT THE THROATS OF THE STRUGGLING BATMAN AND ROBIN--



AS THE DESPERATE BATMAN GAINS FOR AIR, HIS FOOT LASHES OUT IN ONE LAST-DITCH EFFORT--



MOMENTARILY STUNNED, THE BRUTE RELEASES HIS GRASP. THE BATMAN'S HAND REACHES FOR ONE OF THE GLASS PELLETS IN HIS UTILITY BELT.



A FLING OF THE BATMAN'S HAND--AND BLACK SMOKE BELLOWS FORTH--



OKAY, BIG BOY--GODDAMN HIM!



SUDDENLY, THE BEERIE WALL OF A POLICE SIREN RILLS THE NIGHT--

COPPER--C'MON!

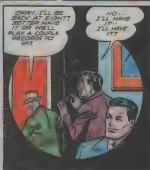
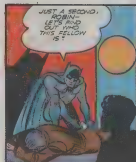


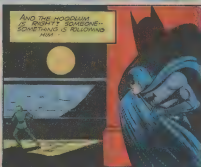
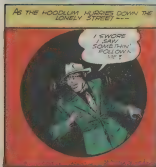
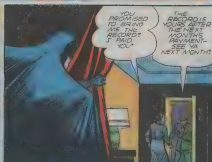
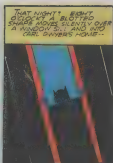
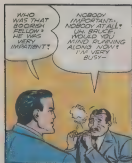
THE TRUCK WHIRLS AWAY FROM THE CURB AND MAKES THE CORNER ON TWO WHEELS!

HOW'S YOUR THROAT?

IT HURTS! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!







MINUTES LATER, THE BATMAN SEES THE HOODLUM ENTER A SOLITARY HOUSE. APPROACHING, HE READS ON THE HOUSE NAME-PLATE:-

A SWAMI? NOW WHAT CONNECTION CAN THERE BE BETWEEN A SWAMI A HOODLUM, A MURDERED MAN, TWO GIANT DINDIES AND CARL DINDYOT?

WELCOME
AT MY HOME
123 LONDON AVE

AND THIS MONEY PAYMENT FOR RECORDS - IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! MAYBE IT WILL AFTER I HAVE A CHAT WITH OWNERS!

THE OWNER HOME:-

DROWNING YOUR TROUBLES?

USA? WHO?

WHY DID YOU GIVE MONEY TO THAT THUG? WHAT WAS IT TO DO WITH GRANDA THE MYSTIC?

BLACKMAIL AT A PARTY SOMEONE SUGGESTED WE VISIT GRANDA THE MYSTIC--

"WE ALL WENT THERE - HE TOOK US INTO HIS ROOM, ONLY ONE AT THE TIME--"

NOW... LOOK INTO THE CRYSTAL--

LOOK DEEP-- LOOK DEEP-- YOU ARE DROWNING SLEEP--

"IT SEEMED HOURS WHEN I Woke UP - I THOUGHT NO MORE ABOUT IT UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN

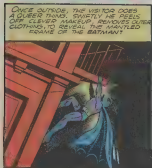
GRANDA* WHAT DO YOU WANT?

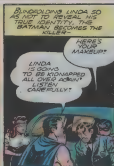
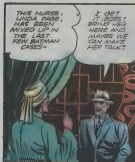
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO THIS RECORD YOU'LL FIND IT INTERESTING

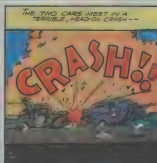
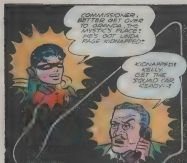
"THE RECORD BEGAN TO PLAY - IT BEGAN TO TELL ALL ABOUT AN ESCAPEE OF MINE AT COLLEGE -"

IT WAS A MARVELOUS PRANK THEN NEWSPAPERS WOULD PLAY IT UP IF THEY HEARD OF IT*

GRANDA WANTED MONEY FOR THE RECORD OR ELSE - WHEN HE WYNODIZED YOU AT HIS STUDIO HE MADE YOU TALK--







THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AND STANDING, TOWERING IN THE LIGHT--

THE BATMAN?
YOU WERE
GONE!

YOU'RE
GETTING
SMARTER
BY THE
MINUTE!

EVEN AS THE BATMAN DETACHES FORWARD, GRANDS FOOT FLUTTERLY PROCEEDS A SLOOR BUTTON, AND--

--THE HINDU GIANTS LUMBER INTO THE ROOM--

HOLY SHOCK!
THE BIG
BOYS AGAIN--

NIMBLE AS A CAT, THE BATMAN SLIPS BEHIND THE SLASHING BLADE!

THE BATMAN CANNOT AVOID THE SECOND GIANT, WHO TOWERS OVER HIM!

HI,
FELLAT!

JUST
IN TIME,
ROBIN!

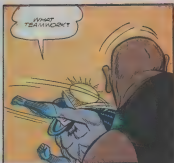
OH--
HERE
COMES
THE OTHER
SHAWNT!

"THEN--TRAPEZING INTO THE ROOM--
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--

ROBIN TILTS THE CRYSTAL SO THAT IT CATCHES THE LIGHT, AND FLASHES RAYS OF BLINDING RADIANCE AT THE GIANT'S EYES.



WHAT TEAMWORK!



FOR A MOMENT, THE GIANT SWAYS ON HIS FEET, AND THEN CRASHES TO THE FLOOR--AS THE OTHER GIANT RUSHES IN--



THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, BATMAN! A BULLET WILL END YOUR LIFE!



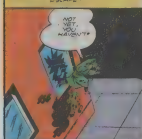
GUNFIRE BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOM! A MAN TOPPLES-- BUT NOT THE BATMAN--



MISS PAGE, ROBIN! BATMAN-- I FIGURED YOU'D FIX GRANDPA SOME WAY. WELL, GRANDPA-- WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!



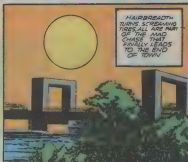
LIKE A CORNERED RAT, BRANCA MAKES A DESPERATE TRY AND ESCAPE.



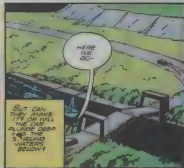
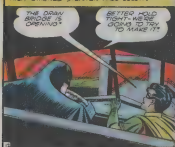
A CLASH OF BEARS...AND BRANCA SPEEDS AWAY AS TWO FIGURES FOLLOW HIS RHYTHM OF FLIGHT.



WITH THE BATMAN AT THE WHEEL, THE POLICE CAR HANDS AWAY AFTER BRANCA.



AS THE BATMAN'S CAR APPROACHES, A DRAWBRIDGE STARTS TO OPEN TO LET A HIGH-STACKED STEAMER PASS BELOW.



BUT CAN THEY MAKE IT? OR WILL THE CAR PLUNGE DEEP INTO THE SWILING WATERS BELOW?

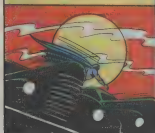


UP... UP
OVER THE
WINDING
CHASM HURLES
THE RACING
CAR...



MADE
IT!

AS THEY DRAW ALONGSIDE GRANDA'S
FLASHING AUTOMOBILE, THE BATMAN
LEAPS...



THROUGH THE OPEN
WINDOW STREAMS THE
BATMAN'S BALLED FIST!



LATER...

HERE'S GRANDA!
I SEE YOU
FOUND THE BOYS
WHERE I
LEFT THEM!

YES--
AND THEY'VE
BEEN
TALKING!
THIS
ENDS
GRANDA'S
BLACKMAIL.



HYPNOTIZING
PEOPLE AND THEN
GETTING RECORDINGS
OF THEIR INNERMOST
SECRETS. THIS IS
THE ROOM
WHERE HE
HID HIS RECORDS!

NICE
WORK,
GORDON!



GRANDA'S MEN
CONFESSED TO
THE MURDER
OF HENRY ABBOT.
ABBOT WAS
GOING TO
TELL THE
POLICE
ABOUT THE
BLACKMAIL.

GRANDA
KILLED HIM TO
PROTECT
HIMSELF--
GRANDA,
YOU'RE GET-
TING THE
CHAIR FOR THIS!



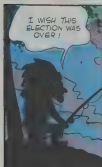
THE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT.
THE PEOPLE
OF THE
CITY
THANK YOU
AND ROBIN
FOR THE
SWEET JOB
YOU DID!

SEE
WHAT I
MEAN BY
DOING YOUR
HOMELAND
AND GAINING
THE RESPECT
OF YOUR
FELLOWMAN?



OKAY--
OKAY--
YOU
WANT!





DUMB DORA—SHE'S NOT SO DUMB



BOYS! GIRLS! FREE

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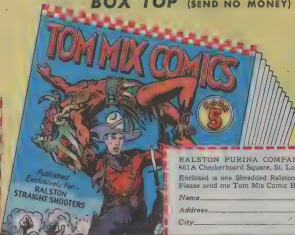
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SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES SWELL! HAVE YOUR MOTHER GET A PACKAGE...AND SEND FOR A FREE COLOR COMIC BOOK!

Boys and girls, you'll go for Shredded Ralston! This bite size cereal has a flavor that sure is delicious. A flavor that makes breakfast the best meal of the day. Especially when Mother serves it with your favorite fruit and milk or cream.

Another thing—Shredded Ralston is lots of fun to eat right out of the package, like popcorn or candy. If Mother likes to have you drink a glass of milk in the afternoon, ask her to let you have Shredded Ralston to go with it.

IT'S BITE SIZE NO MESS, NO CRUMBLING

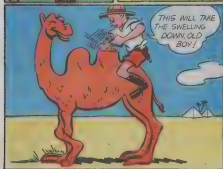
RALSTON PURINA COMPANY
461A Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

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Please send me free of charge booklet entitled "What Causes Epilepsy?"

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FRONTIER ASTHMA Co. 370-H Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

DO
KANE

LIKE GIANTS OF OLD, THE BIG TREES OF THE NORTH WOODS REAR UP--UP INTO THE SKY UNTIL THEIR LEAFY BRANCHES SEEM TO TOUCH THE HEAVENS. HERE, AMIDST THESE TOWERING GIANTS, ARE TO BE FOUND THE LUMBER CAMPS--SMALL COLONIES OF MEN WHOSE SHARP AXES AND MANY SAWS BITE MORTALLY AT THESE SCARING WOODEN COLUMNS, TOPPLING THEM TO THE GROUND, WHERE EACH OF THE MIGHTY CRASHES HEAVILY, SHAKING THE EARTH ABOUT IT. HERE--HERE TO THE LAND OF WOODEN GIANTS COME THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO FIND ADVENTURE AND THE STRANGE ANSWER TO--

"The NORTH WOODS MYSTERY."

THE MOON--A GIANT WHITE EYE--LOOKS DOWN ON THE NORTHWOODS--AND MURDER?



BRUCE WAYNE CHATS WITH NORA POWELL, SOCIETY FAVORITE...

BRUCE:
I STILL SAY
THAT MONEY
ISN'T EVERY-
THING!
IT'S...

MRS. POWELL--
LOOK AT
THIS LATEST
PAPER!

"MATTHEW,
LUMBER KING,
MURDERED!
HIS UNCLE
KILLED!"

C'MON,
LET'S
GET
OUT OF
HERE!

LUMBER MAGNATES ADOPTED
SON JACK, SUSPECTED OF
MURDER, BUT RELEASED
FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE.
MOTIVE REVEALED IN
MURDERED MAGNATES WILL
THAT LEAVES NORT NUMBER
HOLDING TO BOTH ADOPTED
SON AND "MRS. NORA
POWELL!"

WHO IS
THIS
ADOPTED
SON?

JACK CLAYTON, A
LUMBER JACK! HE RISKED
HIS LIFE TO SAVE UNCLE
MATT FROM DEATH IN
A LOG JAM--UNCLE
ADOPTED HIM!... I'VE
NEVER MET JACK!

WHAAT?
WELL NORA--
WHAT
NOW?

I THINK
I'LL CALL
JACK UP
AND OFFER
HIM MY
HELP!

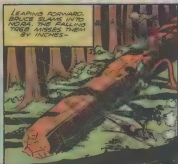
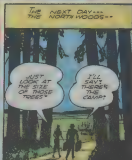
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HELLO, JACK? THIS IS
NORA POWELL. I JUST
CALLED TO OFFER MY REGRETS
ABOUT UNCLE MATT. IF
YOU NEED MY HELP ABOUT
ANYTHING, I'LL BE GLAD TO.

THANKS--
BUT I DON'T
NEED IT.
I'LL SEND YOU
A CHECK EVERY
MONTH FOR
YOUR SHARE
OF THE
LUMBER
PROFITS--

--SO THAT YOU
CAN BUY YOURSELF
SOME MORE FUR
COATS AND RANCY
GOWNS TO WEAR
AROUND MONT
CLURE--
CLICK!

WHO DOES HE
THINK HE IS?
I'M GOING TO
SHOW HIM I CAN
DO THINGS AS
WELL AS HE
CAN!





SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY, HE
MADE SWIFTLY ACROSS THE
CAMP GROUNDS TO BE MET
BY ANOTHER COSTUMED
ROVER--ROBIN--THE
BOY WONDER---

C'MON,
ROBIN--
I WANT TO
LOOK
AROUND!

NO--WAIT?
I SAW TWO
FIGURES
MOVE INTO
THE TOOL
SHED--



INSIDE THE TOOL SHED--

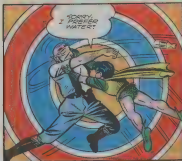
A LITTLE
AGO ON
THESE SAWS
AND AXES,
AND THEY'LL
CRACK UP
WHEN THEY
TRY TO
USE THEM
ON TIMBER!

THEY'LL
SHOW UP
THE
LUMBER
OUTPUT--
AND THAT
HOWELL
DANE
WILL BE
GLAD TO
SELL HER
SHARE TO
CLAYTON--



NOT
QUITE,
BELLA.
NOT
QUITE!

I'LL BATHE
YA IN
ACID!



SORRY,
I PREFER
WATER!



OKAY,
WISE GUY--
YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!



BUT IT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
I'M GOING
TO GET
IT, GW.
PAL!



BATMAN,
I NEED
HELP!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MULE, THE OTHER MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE STILL GOT HIS ROL TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!

EAGER TO DOOM FURTHER PUNISHMENT, THE REMAINING WIDOWER CRUISES BACK BEHIND THE BATMAN, AND IN HIS PANIC, STUMBLES AGAINST A BEAM! A "HEAVY" NOOK IS LOOSED FROM ITS BACK AND...

FEEL LIKE TALKING, OR

NO... NO... I'LL TALK.

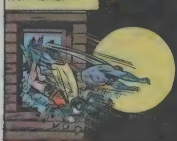
---AND PLUNGING DOWNWARD, SILENCES HIM FOREVER---



DRAWN TO THE SCENE BY THE DIN OF BATTLE---



THE TWO-MAN REGIMENT BEAT HASTY RETREAT---



WHY IS IT WOODY JOE?

THAT NOOK... MUST HAVE KILLED HIM INSTANTLY!

HOW TERRIBLE... WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT?



HEART WHAT IS
A BOTTLE OF ACID
BEING HERE?
AS A FRIEND
OF POLICE
COMMISSIONER
GORDON,
I'VE LEARNED
DETECTIVE
PROCEDURE,
AND...

YOU...
DETECTIVE
WORKS
BUT THIS
MAINE DEATH
WAS ACCIDENTAL
AND DON'T
TRY TO
MAKE A
POLICE CASE
OUT OF
IT?

I BELIEVE
YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT IT
BEING A
MATTER FOR
THE POLICE
ALL THESE
ACCIDENTS--
BRUCE
I'M WORRIED--

NOW--
DON'T
START
GETTING
JITTERY!
I'LL BE
AROUND
NO LATE
THAT
NOTHING
HAPPENS
TO YOU!



WELL-- AH--
BEEN A LOT
OF ACCIDENTS
TO OUR
TIMBER--
VALUE
GOING DOWN--
NO BUSINESS
FOR A GIRL
ANYWAY--

THERE'S BEEN
TOO MANY ACCIDENTS
IT SEEMS, NO-- I
LIKE THE LUMBER
BUSINESS! I'M NOT
SELLING!

CLAYTON
SEEMS VERY
ANXIOUS TO
SELL, WONDER
WHAT HE'S
UP TO--



IN CLAYTON'S CABIN--

YOU'VE GOT
TO MAKE
HER SELL
OUT TO YOU!
AND THEN
I'LL BUY
YOUR COMPLETE
HOLDINGS--
OR ELSE!

YOU
DON'T LEAVE
ME MUCH
CHOICE, I'LL
HAVE TO
DO IT!



THE NEXT MORNING... *

MISS POWELL--
I'D LIKE YOU
TO MEET MR.
ASHER-- HE
OWNS THE
ASHER LUMBER
COMPANY
NEAR BY--

MISS POWELL,
I'D LIKE TO
BUY YOUR
SHADE--
CLAYTON IS
WILLING TO
SELL HIS--
DON'T THAT
SO, CLAYTON?



LATER THAT DAY--

I REFUSE TO
SELL TO ASHER
OR YOU! AND
BY THE WAY,
WHAT MADE
YOU SUDDENLY
DECIDE TO
BUY MY SHADE?
YOU SAID THE
VALUE WAS
GOING DOWN!

ER-- I-- I'VE GOT
MY REASONS--
EITHER TAKE MY
ORDER OR LEAVE
IT-- BUT YOU'D
BETTER TAKE IT!

NOT
THREATENING
ARE YOU,
CLAYTON?



NOT ME,
HE DON'T!
NOW I'VE
COME
DOWN HERE TO
RIDE ON THE
LOGGING TRAIN!
WANT TO
COME ALONG,
BRUCE?

NO-O-O--
THINK I'LL
TAKE A
LONG WALK!

AND AND, TAKE MISS
POWELL
ON THE
TRAIN!

NORA RIDES ATOP THE LOOSER TRAIN--

AW--
THIS IS
EXCITING!

WAIT
TILL THE
REAL
EXCITEMENT
BEGINS,
LADY!

--AND IT'S
BEGINNIN'
RIGHT
NOW!

UNSHACKLED BY THE
MURDEROUS LOOSER THE
LOOPER, NORA LEANS
UNSWAYING ATOP ITS
FREIGHT-- HURTLES
BACKWARD DOWN THE TRACK

IT'LL
LOOK LIKE
AN
ACCIDENT!

AND
SWAYING
AND
ROCKING
PERILOUSLY
PLUNGES
DOWN--
WARD!

--BUT
FLASHING
FROM A
NEARBY
THicket--

--THE BATMAN SWINGS ABOARD THIS
AVALANCHE ON WHEELS--

OOT TO
KICK
EAST--
THE CAR'S
GOING TO GO
OFF ANY
MOMENT NOW!

LEAVING THE LIMP GURL UNDER
ONE ARM--HE LEAPS DESPERATELY--

...AND GRAB AN OVERHANGING
BRANCH WITH THE OTHER...



HOW?
NOW THAT'S
WHAT I
REALLY CALL
A "LEAP
AND LIE!"

LATER...WHEN NORA
COMES BACK TO LIFE...



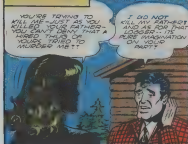
WHERE AM I...?
...AN AWFUL MAN
HIT ME ON THE
LOG TRAIN--
AND I SWEAR I
REMEMBER A
MARKED FLOOR--

AT THAT MOMENT...



...AND
I HAD
NEVER
TOLD
CLAYTON
OF IT--
...WHAT SO
I AM RIGHT
AND
YES--

SOME TIME LATER--



YOU'RE TRYING TO
KILL ME--JUST AS YOU
KILLED YOUR FATHER--
YOU CAN'T DENY THAT A
HATED THING OF
YOU'D TRIED TO
MURDER ME!!

I DID NOT
KILL MY FATHER--
AND AS FOR THAT
LOGGER-- ITS
PURE IMAGINATION
ON YOUR
PART!!

AFTER NORA
LEAVES--



I'M DEEP ENOUGH
AS IT IS ALREADY--
WENT TO MURDER
A GIRL-- AND
MY FATHER'S
DEATH--
I WONDER
NOW IF--

THAT MORNING...



MR
MURDER
MISS POWELL
SAYS IF
YOU'VE A MIND
TO MEET
HER OVER
DOWN BY THE
LOG CHUTE--

THE LOG
CHUTE'S
ALONE--
SHE MAY
BE IN
DANGER



AND BRUCE'S FEARS
ARE NO IDLE ONES--
AT THAT VERY
MOMENT--

A MURDERER'S
HANDS ARE AT
THEIR FIDELITY
TASK!



HELP!
MY ARM!
ON MY ARM--
IT'S BACKEN!



SEPARATELY--
SLUING FOR HER
LIFE--NORMA RIDES
THE TOP OF LEAVING
LOGS, WHICH ROUN
DOWN THE CHUTE
LIKE TEN-ASHT,
WOODEN
KANGAROS--

BUT IN THAT
MIDSOUSLY
REALIN--THARE
INSTANT--

TIME FOR
ME TO SHOW
MY TRUE
COLOR--



THE CAMP
BOY RECOMSE
DICK BRAYSEN, NERD
OF BRUCE WAYNE--

AND THEN IN
ANOTHER INSTANT
BECOMES BOBIN.
THE BOY WONDER
A MIGHTY SPRING
SENDS THE BOY
ONTO THE
DANGEROUS CHUTE--



LIVE A COWBOY ON
HORSEBACK, BOBIN
RIDER HIS BUCKING,
WOODEN BRONCO--



ONE
SELF AND
I'M DONE
FOR!

DOWN BELOW NORMA
LOG SMASHES INTO THE
WATER WITH TERRIBLE
FORCE, SENDING HER
FLYING OFF--



-- BUT
WITH HER
ONE GOOD
ARM SHE
MANAGES
TO REGAIN
HER SINGLE-
PLANKED
DART!



MADE IT--
GOT TO
HOLD ON--
GOT TO--

ROBIN SPES HER AND QUICKLY
BOUNCE ACROSS THE SWAYING,
ROLLING LOGS AS THEY RIDE
DOWN THE SWIFT-MOVING
RIVER---



BUT HE IS ALSO SPED BY
BURNING LOGGERS, WHO DART
AFTER HIM IN SHORT
PURSUIT!



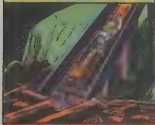
AND DOES POLICE RIDING
WITH ANOTHER ON THE
SLIPPERY, WAX-SMOOTH TIMBER--



A CLEVER BIT OF FOOTWORK
DISPOSES OF HIS SECOND
OPPONENT!



MEANWHILE THE PAIN OF HER
BROKEN ARM PROVES TOO MUCH
FOR NORTY SHE DRAITS DEAD AWAY
AS THE LOG IS DRAWN UP INTO THE
CONVEYER THAT LEADS TO THE
SAWMILL?



BUT ROBIN'S LOG IS CLEVERLY
MANEUVERED BY THE THIRD
LOGGER SO THAT IT CLEARS
THE LOG JAIL-- AND SLIDES
ON DOWN THE RACING WATERS



ON - ON - THE LOG
ROES - UNTIL - IT
TETHERS ON THE VERY
EDGE OF THE HIGH
ROCK - MEANING FOR
THE ALLURE - TO THE
HOLDERS, CHUCKING
AND - MEANING TO ASK
WHY -

A
WATERFALL
-AND I'M
GOING
OVER-

BUT IN THAT
SPLIT-SECOND
INSTANT, A CLEVER
BOYD SWINGS OUT
OVER THE FALLS
DANGLING IN A PRECIOUS
SPONGE OF SEVERAL
EYES, ONE THROU
HAWK EYES, THE
ROBIN FROM THE
ERY BRINK
OF
DEATH.

② BUT ON SHORE LURK
THAT SINISTER FIGURES.
ONE WHISPS AWAY AT
THE BATMAN'S SILKEN ROPE!

THIS IS OUR
CHANCE TO
GET RID
OF BOTH
THESE.

③ BUT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
DOOVERAND BACK JUST IN TIME!

DOOP
THAT
KNIFE!

④ MEANWHILE, THE CONVEYER
CARRIES THE LIONSCLOUT
ACROSS INTO THE SAWMILL
YIELD - TOWARD A HUGE
BUZZSAW WHOSE JAGGED EDGES
FORM A SONG OF DEATH!

CLOSER
CLOSER

BUT STRONG HANDS REACH OUT---AND SNATCH HER FROM DANGER---



IN THE
A CK OF
THE?



---AND MAY
DIGHT HERE?
YOU INTERFERED
ONCE TOO
OFTEN!

ASHER?

BUT A STRONG, STEADY VOICE
BEHIND ASHER CAUSES HIM TO
SHIVER ABOUT---



DROP THAT
GUN, ASHER.
I'LL SHOOT
YOU DOWN,
JUST LIKE
YOU DID
MY FOSTER
FATHER--

HE
BEAT
ME TELL
I HAD
TO TELL--

YOU--



RELAX,
ASHER

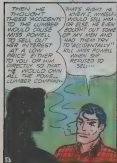
AND THEN WITHOUT A
WORD, THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN DISAPPEAR INTO
THE WOODS---



NEXT MORNING--
BRUCE WAYNE LEARNS
THE TRUTH FROM
CLAYTON---

ASHED
MURDERED
ME POWELL
BECAUSE
HE WANTED
THE CONTROL
OF POWELL
LUMBER

YES--
YOU SEE,
I'M AN EX-
CONVICT--I
CHANGED
MY NAME
LATER ON--
HE SAID HE
FALSELY
ACCUSE
ME OF THE
MURDER, KNOWING
THE POLICE WOULD
BELIEVE HIM
BECAUSE I WAS
A CONVICT AND
WOULD
MURDER MY FOSTER
FATHER FOR MONEY!



THEN HE
THOUGHT
THESE ACCIDENTS
TO THE LUMBER
WOULD CAUSE
MISS POWELL
TO SELL OUT
HER INTEREST
AT A LOW
PRICE EITHER
TO YOU OR HIM
DIRECTLY SO THAT
HE WOULD OWN
ALL THE POWELL
LUMBER COMPANY--

THAT'S RIGHT--
HE KNEW, ANSEL,
WOULD SELL HIM--
OR ELSE, HE EVEN
BOUGHT OUT SOME
OF MY MEN AND
HAD THEM TRY
TO "ACCIDENTALLY"
KILL MISS POWELL
WHEN SHE
RETURNED TO
SELL--



YOU HAD SO MUCH
MONEY ALREADY,
MISS POWELL, THAT
I THOUGHT IT
WOULDN'T HURT
YOU TO SACRIFICE
A LITTLE TO SAVE
ME FROM BEING
FRAMED ON A
MURDER CHARGE!
BESIDES, I WAS
WORSHIPING TO THINK
YOU WERE JUST
AN EMPLOYEED
GIRL WHO SAT
AROUND IN
NOMORELIFE!

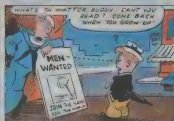
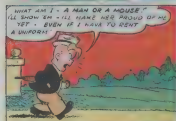
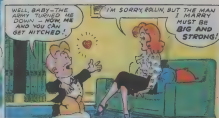
NOT VERY--
BUT I'M
WILLING TO
FORGET
ABOUT YOUR
ONCE BEING
A CONVICT,
IF YOU--
FORGET
MY POL. IN
PAST, TOO

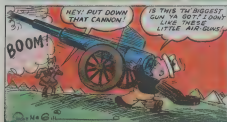
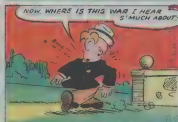
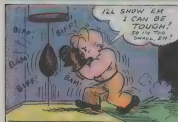
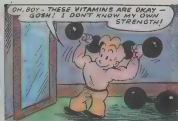
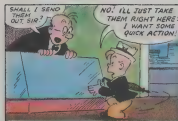


MISS POWELL--
NORA--I LOVED
YOU THE
MOMENT I
SAW YOU--

PLEASE
KISS ME
AND YOU
CAN TELL ME
ALL ABOUT
IT LATER!

I'D BETTER
FIND DICK
AND HEAD HOME!
IT LOOKS LIKE NORA
ISN'T GOING BACK
FOR A LONG
WHILE--
LOVE--AH,
LOVE!





STAR ACT

by Wilton Weston

THE ancient conveyance that had once, many years ago, been a truck but which now served Phineas Q. Throttle as his minstrel show, wheezed along the highway. In the driver's seat sat Phineas himself, proprietor of Throttle's Lotion, guaranteed to cure all ills, make curly hair straight, and bring back to bald heads the lush bloom of ripened wheat fields. Alongside of Phineas, playing with a rather large rubber ball, was his ten year old nephew Alfred, whom Phineas had adopted.

They were both very happy. The town they had just left, Oliville, had been extremely generous. It meant that when they reached Exeter, some twelve miles away, Alfred would get a new suit and Phineas would buy a new garland for Queenie his trained seal who now was sleeping in back of the ancient vehicle, undisturbed by either the sounds of the engine or the flapping of the poorly fastened doors. Queenie was the star of the show, although Phineas would never admit it. After all, hadn't he once played the second grave digger in "Hamlet"?

It was a happy world upon which these amulatory actors were embarking. Phineas reflected. He looked up, startled, as Alfred said excitedly: "Hey, Uncle Phineas, somebody's in trouble there!"

And indeed somebody was. Steam was issuing from the hood of the black coupe parked alongside the highway. A man was gesticulating toward the oncoming vehicle. A screeching of brakes signalized Phineas' willingness to play the Good Samaritan.

The man, short and squat, ran over to the truck. He had a black bag in one hand. The other held the flashlight with

which he had signaled Phineas. The beam of light played on the truck's side. "Had an accident," he said. "Overheated engine. How about taking me into Exeter? I can get a train there."

"Why, certainly, my boy," Phineas boomed. "Just climb in. A little crowded, perhaps, but we all have to put up with inconveniences sometimes. It'll be a pleasure to have company. This is my nephew, Alfred."

The man grunted and climbed in. The ancient truck wheezed on, toiling off the miles to Exeter. The stranger was extremely tactless and Phineas felt cheated. He loved to talk. Suddenly a siren cut through the night.

"Police!" Alfred said, excitedly, looking out the side and almost losing the rubber ball. "They must be looking for somebody."

"They are," the stranger said. "Me! Get in here!" His hand yanked Alfred's head back from the window. Phineas gasped as he felt something hard press into his side. He knew it was a gun. "All you and the kid have to do, Pop," the stranger said, "is to say I work with the show. Nobody saw me blow the safe back in Oliville but the watchman, and I got him."

Phineas nodded. What was happening in the world today when a killer could accept an honest man's generosity? But he had better do as he was told. He didn't want anything to happen to Alfred. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the boy cowering in the seat, one hand dangling behind him.

The next instant the police car rolled up. The two State Troopers listened as Phineas identified himself, said Alfred and the stranger were working for him. The gun was hurting his side. One of the troopers

was looking at Alfred's ball. "Never saw one of those, kid. Not that color," he said.

Alfred forced a smile, tossed the ball into the van of the truck. There was a thud behind him. "I like to play with it," Alfred said.

The police walked towards their car. The stranger said hoarsely, "Get a move on, Pop." His gun lent impetus to Phineas' movement. Protesting to himself, Phineas put the car into gear.

"You're a smart guy, Pop," the stranger said, as the truck moved along. "If you cracked to those coppers, you'd have been plugged."

The screech of the siren again cut him off. The stranger's hand went out, grabbed the brake. The car groaned to a stop. "I'm getting out," he said.

He brushed past Alfred as the police car came up. Alfred's upraised foot came in contact with the man's wrist as he leveled the gun. Off balance, the stranger fell out of the suddenly opened door. The next moment, he was the prisoner of the State Troopers.

"Queenie!" Phineas gasped. For, Queenie, the trained seal, who had been sleeping in back of the truck was following the troopers. And on her nose, balanced proudly, was the ball Alfred had been playing with!

Phineas eyes darted to Alfred. The boy was smiling. "I knew Queenie would slip out after her ball, Uncle Phineas," he explained. "So I dropped it to make the troopers follow us again!"

Both troopers laughed; the prisoners glowered. One of the troopers said: "Wait'll the boys hear how Niro Ned, the safe-cracker, was captured. He was crazy over sealskins!"

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

COUNTLESS TIMES IN THE PAST HAD THE BATMAN RESCUED INNOCENT HUMANS FROM DEATH OR IMPRISONMENT BY UNFATHOMING TRUE EVIDENCE THAT TRAPPED THE REAL CRIMINAL. BUT WHO IS THERE TO SAVE THE BATMAN HIMSELF FROM SUCH A PREDICAMENT? FOR NOW THE BATMAN FACES THE SUPREME TEST OF HIS CAREER: HELPLESS, BOUND IN A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE, HE MUST SOMEHOW ENTANGLE THE REAL CRIMINAL IN LINKS OF HIS OWN MAKING! HOW HE DOES SO WITH THE TIMELY AD OF ROBIN, WE READ OF "THE PEOPLE VS. THE BATMAN."

BOB
KANE

A CLOAKED FIGURE PADS SILENTLY THRU A DARK CORRIDOR. AHEAD, A PATCH OF LIGHT DRAWS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE LIKE A FLAME. DRAWS A MOON--





BUT AS THE BATMAN
TALKS A THIRD'S FURTIVE
HAND REACHES FOR
THE "ON" SWITCH...



AND THE LIGHTS
FLARE!

OVEN
NOW'S OUR
CHANCE!
SLUG
HIM!

BANG
BANG!

POLICE ARE DRAWN BY THE
NOISE... BUT ONLY THE
DARTED BATMAN MAKING A BIG ROB
FREEDOM...

THE
BATMAN?

STOP!
STOP!

SORRY,
I'M OUT
OF
HERE!



THE ACCIDENTAL BATMAN
DROPS TO SAFETY!



THERE
WAS
NOBODY

I WISH
I KNEW
WHAT HE
WAS DOING
HERE!

BECAUSE OF THIS
VERY THE
ENTIRE PHASE
OF THE BATMAN'S
LIFE IS TO
BE AFFECTED!

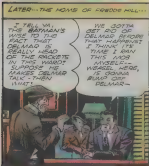
AND FROM A NEARBY HALLWAY--

THEY'RE
GONE
NOW?

YES--
BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
THE BATMAN
IS HERE TO
YOU!



LATER...THE HOME OF FREDDIE HILL...

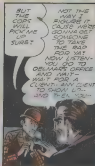


I TELL YA,
THE BATMAN'S
WISE TO DO
FACT THAT
DELMAR IS
REALLY HEAD
OF THE RACKETE
IN THIS WARD!
SUPPOSE HE
MAKES DELMAR
TALK-- THEN
WHAT!

WE GOTTA
GET RID OF
DELMAR BEFORE
THAT HARBOR!
I THINK IT'S
TIME I RAN
THIS AND
MYSELF--
WAGEL HERE,
IS GONNA
BUMP OFF
DELMAR--

BUT
THE
COPS
WILL
FIND ME
UP
SURE!

NOT THE
WAY I
FIGURE IT
CAUSE MORE
GONNA GET
SOMEONE
TO TAKE
THE BAD
FOR YA!
NOW LISTEN--
YOU GO TO
DELMAR'S
AND TALK--
WAGEL FOR A
CLIENT-- ANY CLIENT
TO SHOW UP--
AND THEN YOU--



AT THAT INSTANT--



WHAT'S
GOT

I REALLY
DISCOVERED
SOMETHING BIG--
THINK I'LL
INVESTIGATE
TOMORROW AS
BRUCE WAYNE--
HE WOULDN'T
ARREST ANY
SUSPECT

THE NEXT MORNING---



WITH A CRV, WEASEL HOLDS THE GUN UP AND FIRES A SHOT THROUGH HIS OWN HAT!



THEN THE MURDERER TOSSES THE SMOKING GUN TO BRUCE--



INSTINCTIVELY BRUCE CATCHES THE WEAPON, AS ALL PERSONS WILL DO WHEN OBJECTS ARE TOSSED AT THEM!



POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON,
A CLOSE FRIEND OF BRUCE
WAYNE'S -- ARRIVES....

THIS MURDER IS
BAD BUSINESS?
WHY DO
YOU DO
IT?

BUT I DON'T!
THIS RAT
HERE, DID IT,
AND THREW
THE GUN AT
ME! HE
FRAMED
ME!



HE'S LYING!
LOOK--HE EVEN
TOOK A SHOT AT
ME! LOOK AT
THIS HOLE THE
BULLET MADE
IN MY
HAT!



IT'S TRUE!
I HEARD MR.
VENNERT SHOUT,
"DROP THAT
GUN, MR. WAYNE!"
AND WHEN I OPENED
THE DOOR, MR.
VENNERT WAS HITTING
BRUCE WAYNE, WHO
HELD THE SHOOTING
GUN IN HIS HAND--
HE MURDERED MR. DELMAR!



BUT WHAT
REASON
HAVE I TO KILL
HIM? YOU
EVEN ADMIT
YOURSELF
THIS VENNERT
HAD AN ALIBI
AND A PROB
RECORD!

I DON'T
BELIEVE YOU
DID KILL
DELMAR--
BUT WHAT
CAN I DO?
LOOK AT
THE EVIDENCE
I HAD TO
ARREST YOU!



HOWEVER YOU'RE
NOT LOCKED
YET--KEEP
YOUR COURAGE
HERE'S DICK
TO SEE
YOU--

BRUCE?
BRUCE?
GOLLY?



RUNNY, ISN'T
IT--THE MAN
WHO IS REALLY
THE BATMAN--
FRAMED FOR
A MURDER
JOB?

IT'S THIS LITTLE
GUY! I'M GOING
TO MAKE HIM
TELL THE TRUTH!
SOME WAY, SOMEHOW!
DON'T WORRY I'M
GOING TO GET YOU
OUT OF HERE!

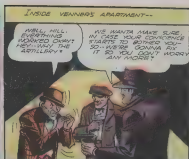


THAT
NIGHT!

WEASEL
VENNERT
HE'S GOING
TO GET A
VIST ROOM
DOWN, THE
BOY WONDER!



ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, TAKES ON
A MAN-SIZED JOB TO FREE HIS PAL
AND CRIME'S MIGHTIEST Foe FROM A
MURDER CHARGE!



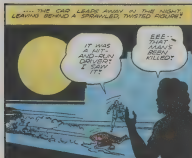


THERE
HE GOES!
I'LL--

BUT THAT
ROD AWAY!
I GOT A
BETTER IDEAT
DET IN THAT
CART



AS THE TERRIFIED WEASEL RAN ACROSS THE OUTRIG, HE TURNS A FEAR-STRICKEN FACE UPON A HEAVY CAR THAT BEARS DOWN ON HIM!



IT WAS
A HIT-
AND-RUN
DRIVER!
I SAW
IT!

EEE--
THAT
MAYBE
BEEN
KILLED!



BUT WEASEL IS NOT DEAD--AT
LEAST NOT QUITE!

THERE'S
NO TELLING
HOW MANY
DRYS WE'LL
BE LIKE THIS!
WE'VE IN A
COMAT

I'LL HAVE TO PUT
A POLICE GUARD
ABOUT THE ROOM!
THIS MAN IS AN
IMPORTANT WITNESS
IN A MURDER
TRIAL!



THE ACCIDENT MAKES
INTERESTING HEADLINES...
ESPECIALLY FOR FREDDIE HOLT!

'VICTIM STILL
ALIVE IN A
COMAT DOCTORS
GIVE HIM A
FIFTY-FIFTY
CHANCE TO
LIVE. IF
WEASEL SHOULD
COME TO AND
START TO
TALK--

WE'LL ALL
BE IN THE
SQUAT WE
GOTTA RUMD
THAT GUN
DEAT



MAYBE
THIS ROBIN
AND WILL GO
TO THE COPPER
AND TELL NOW
WE WERE
TRYING TO
TALK WEASEL
FOR A HIDE!

NOT YET?
REMEMBER
THAT NIGHT
THE COPS
SAW THE
BATMAN IN
DELMAR'S
OFFICE? I
THINK I
GOT AN IDEA
HOW TO USE
THAT!



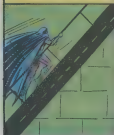
THAT NIGHT--

IT WAS A
CINCH TO GET
THIS OUTRIG!
EVER SINCE THE
BATMAN STARTED
COSTUME SHOPS
DET CALLS FOR 'EM
FROM PEOPLE DON'
TO FANCY
MASCORADE BILLS.

YOU'LL
GET BY-
NOW--
TRY TO
KILL
WEASEL--
WHEN
THE COPS
SEE YOU--
THEY'LL BE
SURE THE
BATMAN IS IN
THIS--

WOULD THEY BE SURPRISED
IF THEY KNEW WHAT HE
KNOW--THAT BRUCE
WAYNE AND THE BATMAN
ARE ONE AND THE SAME.

A BATHNARDED FOURIE MOVES UP THE FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE A HOSPITAL--



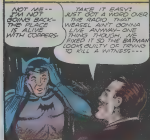
HE SHAKES INTO A LIGHTED ROOM, A HAND CLUTCHING A REVOLVER. WHEN A NURSE ACCIDENTALLY ENTERS--



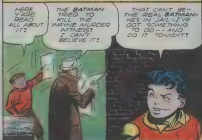
POLICE STATIONED OUTSIDE FOUR INTO THE ROOM--



SOMETIME LATER--



AND NELL IS RIGHT--



DICK SPENDS THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY IN THE LIBRARY, LOOKING OVER OLD CITY MAPS OF THE CITY--

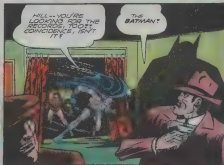
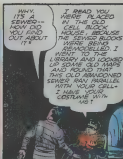
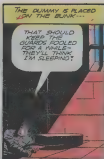


BRUCE WAYNE PACES HIS CELL WITH THE RESTLESSNESS OF A CAGED ANIMAL, WHEN--



SUDDENLY A STONE IN THE FLOOR BEGINS TO MOVE--



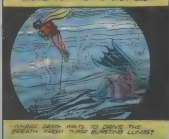




LATER--ON A DESERTED RIVER--WITH NO ONE
 NED TO THEIR FEET THE BATMAN AND RORR
 ARE THROWN TOWARD SWIRLING ARTISTS?



DOWN--DOWN--SINK THE WEIGHTED
 BOOTS, DOWN TO THE RIVER BED--



WHERE DEATH WANTS TO DRIVE THE
 BREATH FROM THIRDS BURSTING LUNGS?

WEASEL HAS JUST COME OUT
 OF THE COMA, AS HIS NURSE
 RACES TO CALL THE DOCTOR



OH, YEAH--I
 WELL, SEE
 ABOUT THAT--
 I'M DOING ONE
 ANYWAY--BUT
 I'LL SHOW YOU
 WHAT IT MEANS
 TO DOUBLE-
 CROSS ME--
 I GOTTA GET
 AWAY!



AND WHEN THE NURSE
 RETURNS SHE FINDS
 WEASEL IS--



AND TWO POLICE GUARDS, WHO
 HAVE BEEN SENT TO FETCH BRUCE
 WAYNE TO TRIAL, RACE BACK TO
 INFORM THE ASTOUNDED COURT
 THAT HE, TOO--IS--



FIND HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE--
 TRUE WORDS! FOR AT THIS VERY
 MOMENT BRUCE WAYNE, THE
 BATMAN, FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE
 ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!



DESPERATELY
 THE BATMAN
 BARES HIS BONDS,
 BACK AND FORTH,
 ON THE ROUGH
 EDGE--
 WILL HE FREE
 HIMSELF IN TIME?



—BUT HE MAKES IT! AND NOW HIS BULB FINGERS CLAW REVERSHLY AT ROBIN'S BOOTS!



HOLD IT JUST A MOMENT MORE



THAT'S THAT! NO RECORDS-- NO BATMAN, NO ROBIN, TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME!



NOT A FINGER-- BUT THE WHOLE FIST!

THE BATMAN!



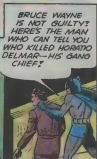
NOW LET'S FINISH TH--M, ROBIN!



IT'S A PLEASURE!



I SAY THAT BRUCE WAYNE PROVED HIS GUILT BY BREAKING JAIL AND--



BRUCE WAYNE IS NOT GUILTY! HERE'S THE MAN WHO CAN TELL YOU WHO KILLED HORATIO DELMAR--HIS GANG CHIEF!



BUT THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS THE RECORDS ARE BURNED AND--

HE'S LYING! HE BRAGS HE'LL UP TO TAKE THE ROAD FOR BRUCE WAYNE! ASK HIM WHY HE TRIED TO KILL VENNER IN THE HONORAL!

YES! THE POLICE SAW YOU THERE WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND!

IT'S EASY FOR ANYBODY TO PUT ON A BATMAN COSTUME AND THROW SUSPICION ON ME!



YES-- AND JUST AS EASY FOR YOU TO SLANDER A DEAD MAN'S NAME, BECAUSE HE CANNOT DEFEND HIMSELF! BATMAN, I ACCUSE YOU OF AIDING AND ABETTING BRUCE WAYNE TO ESCAPE JAIL--AND ATTEMPTING TO MURDER A COURT WITNESS-- AND OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE WITH YOUR INFERNAL NEEDLES AND YOUR ARMS! COME, THEORETIC POLICE, ARREST THIS MAN!

WAIT!



COMMISSIONER GORDON APPEALS TO THE JURY.

I SPEAK FOR THE BATMAN-- THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE! YES-- HE WORKS OUTSIDE THE LAW! AS YOU CALL IT, BUT THE LEGAL DEVICES THAT HINDERED US ARE HURDLED BY THIS COME-FRONTED SO HE MAY BRING THESE MEN OF EVIL TO JUSTICE! THE EMINENT DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALLS HIM A MEDDLER WITH A THEORY--

WASHINGTON, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, LINCOLN, BOSSON AND OTHERS. THEY WERE MURDERERS TOO--WHO PROVED THEIR THEORIES. THEY MADE SACRIFICES SO THAT WE MIGHT ENJOY THE SECURITY AND COMFORT WE DO. THE BATMAN HAS DONE THAT, TOO?



THIS MAN WHO HAS SAVED A NATION'S GOLD RESERVE, FOUGHT RUTHLESS COMMUNISTS AND SABOTEURS, BEATEN THE JOKER, THE PURPLE MASTER, AND OTHER CRIME DEMIGOGS.



THIS MAN WHO DAILY RISKES HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS--WHO NEVER CARRIES A GUN--WHO IS ENJOINED BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, ROBIN, FIGHTS CRIME WITH THE COURAGE AND ZEAL BOON OF LOVE FOR HIS FELLOW MAN. THIS IS... THE BATMAN.



PARTIALITY THIS COMES A LITTLE LATE, BUT I, THE POLICE COMMISSIONER OF GOTHAM CITY, APPOINT YOU AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT FROM NOW ON, YOU WORK HAND IN HAND WITH THE POLICE!

THANK YOU, SIRE. I WISH NOW THAT I COULD FIND THE PROOF THAT WILL PROVE BRUCE WAYNE INNOCENT.



THEN A VOICE CUTS IN--

SURE SHE'S INNOCENT! I KILLED DELMART UNDER ORDERS FROM HILL!



WHY, YOU SCOUNDRELOVING RAT---I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU'RE TOO LATE--HILL--- I'M DYING NOW, BUT AT LEAST I'M EVEN--- YOU---



LATER---

THE BATMAN HELPED ME ESCAPE--HE KEPT ME IN A HIDEOUT UNTIL I WAS CLEARED.

YES, I KNOW. HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT JUST BEFORE HE AND ROBIN LEFT.



YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS THE LIFE OF BRUCE WAYNE DOES DEPEND QUITE A BIT ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE BATMAN!



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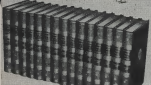


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